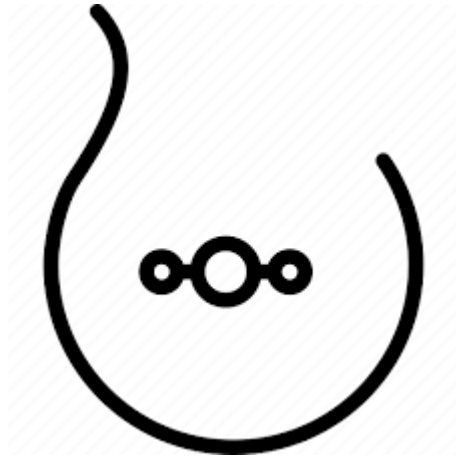


My God

Category: Text Stories

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By Thndrshark

Her 30th birthday had come and gone much like the others, with little event. Just like the 12 before, she spent her day in this little room. Well, there was that time early on when she was taken out, but she had been hooded, without sight or sound, and didn't really get to see any part of the world she was beginning to doubt existed any longer. Now, like most of the other years, she could only stare at the shrine her god had put up for her across the small six by six room. Despite the years of staring at her own shiny face in the photographs stuck to the wall, she still found tears rolling down her eyes. At only 18, she had been so eager, so excited about jumping into the world. Her birthday was in February and, once she became an adult, she ran away, heading for New York and the future she knew was so bright.

Her god seemed so friendly, so nice. Even looking at the pictures now, taken by him before the day, she could see love growing in her own eyes. She had been so beautiful then. Her long, curly brown hair had fallen across her shoulders so gently, surrounding her large eyes and warm smile. She had never thought of herself as a looker, but she knew she was cute. Her self consciousness about her body didn't help. Despite encouragement from high school boyfriends, she always felt her body wasn't good enough for display. Her wide shoulders made her 34C breasts seems

small and her long legs stayed hidden behind baggy pants. She felt disproportioned. But her god didn't think so.

Her eyes dropped from the ancient pictures to the mirror strategically placed for her review. New tears welled up just as they always did when she was forced to compare what she used to be, to what she had become. She couldn't help but examine her kneeling form, as she had done the thousand of times before. Gone was the wavy hair, replaced by the harsh ugliness of her own bald skull. She remembered trying to fight her god off when he had begun to cut, then shave her hair. It only took moments as he removed every trace of hair on her head, even shaving her eyebrows and plucking her eyelashes from her eyes. She could still feel the dull moan that escaped her throat as he applied what would be many coats of hair depilatory to her head.

She knew she would never be allowed to grow hair again. Her crotch received similar treatment, though her god had chosen the more painful route. The hot wax yanked the hairs out by the roots and the depilatory stinged horribly as it was applied. Now, as she looked over her body, like a baby she could see no hair.

She tried to look down herself, but the wide steel collar prevented her. Glancing back into the mirror, she could remember when he had applied it. When she was younger, she couldn't even imagine something permanent on her body. She had shied away from tattoos and even avoided the concept of piercing. But shortly after her immersion, she learned what permanent truly meant. The collar, a full three inches wide, had been custom molded for her neck from thin yet strong stainless steel. She still could feel the cool ring touching her skin for the first time, and the finality of each rivet locking into place in back. Her god had told her it would never come off without cutting off her head, and she knew he was right. Barely a file's width separated her skin from the steel; the grip around her neck a constant reminder of her fate.

She found herself sobbing again, a common reaction to this frequent personal analysis, and her own focus was shifted by the weights on her chest. No longer 34C, her breasts had been painfully enlarged to a 38D.

From the beginning, her god had injected each breast with a series of saline

injections. The burning pain had often caused her to lose consciousness, and when she awoke again, her breasts seemed no larger. But after a few months, she could notice the change, and after five years, she knew she would be permanently deformed by this horrible torture. Two years ago, her god had decided to add a unique adjustment to her breasts. Bands of steel with small spikes around the inside ring, had been forced around the base of her breasts.

The sharp steel set deep into her flesh, holding the bands in place and, with equivalent finality to her collar, her god had riveted them into place.

Immediately, her large breasts began to discolor slightly, and increase in sensitivity. She knew the bands had been carefully calculated to provide enough circulation to keep her intact, but decrease it enough to make torture more reactive. One of the first canings to her enlarged breasts still showed scars, as did the numerous puncture wounds from knitting needles and other sharp implements forced through her breasts.

As she continued to sob, she could hear the light jingle of her bells.

Like a cow, her god had affixed small cow bells to her nipple and clit rings, reminding her of them constantly. Despite the distance from the mirror to her body, she could clearly see each ring permanently embedded in her body. Like the collar, they had been added in the beginning and would never be removed. Each nipple carried four piercings, three rings and a rod. Her clit, pierced now 12 years ago, no longer provided any feeling when she was used. She knew that since the ring actually punctured the clit, and not just the hood, she had lost all feeling, and all pleasure, derived from her clit. She could also feel the ring pierced through her sphincter and out through the space between her pussy and ass. And finally, her face would always bear the large silver ring through her nose. Dangling from her septum, she could feel it bounce against the steel grommet holding the hole wide. This, of all things, made her feel most degraded, most humiliated, though her mouth restriction proved a close second. Since her first day her mouth had been held open at it's widest, using a variety of devices. For six years a wide ring gag forced her jaw wide, followed by metal spreaders between her teeth and now, with the rubber wedges between her back teeth. The hard substance prevented her from closing her mouth

even the slightest. She stared at herself in the mirror, almost overlooking the wide mouthed stare she got in return. This final adjustment proved most popular and was made permanent with a set of holes drilled through her back teeth and tiny brackets that held the rubber wedges into place.

She had tried, over the years, to find ways to end her own life, knowing she would never escape otherwise. She had no use of her arms, her hands having been taped into small balls, then covered in tight rubber sheaths early on, then cuffed behind her back with permanent cuffs. Many years ago, her arms could not stand to have her elbows touching for too long, and they would be released to provide circulation. But after time, her circulation adjusted and her god found that she could hold that position permanently. She no longer had use of her arms. At first, a single, heavy chain had held her on her knees in her home, and she had tried to knock her head against the floor. But the padded rubber flooring provided no sharp edges and her god had soon discovered her attempts. Now, a chain held her to the floor and another locked to the wall behind her, holding her immobile.

During use, she had tried to inhale the cum or urine she was required to drink, hoping to choke. But she was inexperienced and only created a coughing jag that disappointed clients and brought down harsh punishment on her. She vowed to try it again one day, waiting for the right moment.

Unfortunately, she had waited too long. Six months after her attempt, her god visited her with a new apparatus. A long tube was fed down her throat, into her stomach, affixing itself at the back of her teeth.

At the same time, breathing tubes were fed up her nose and into her lungs. She found she no longer had control over what went down her throat. Her god tested this with a long stream of urine that found itself easily past her tongue.

She stared again at the hairless, ringed animal that knelt before her.

She knew this had become her fate and she would be a servant to her god until he chose to dispose of her. The familiar clicking of the lock to her small dungeon broke her thoughts and she dropped her eyes to the floor as she had learned long ago.

“And this is my living sex doll,” the familiar voice said. She could hear gasps from the other members of the group as they were led into the room. “Have your way with her.” With that her god disappeared and left her to her life.

The End